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their noblest sons," and appeal to the workers of both America and Japan to refuse to have anything to do with such a war.

. . . The Italian government last month issued instructions that the directors of all schools explain to their students on Washington's Birthday the meaning and importance of the celebration of this day in the United States. The instructions close with these words: "All civilized countries must aspire to peace as their supreme aim."

. . . A prize of \$25 has been offered by Mary and Helen Seabury of New Bedford, Mass., through the Intercollegiate Peace Association, to the students of Oberlin College for the best oration on some phase of the general subject of international peace and arbitration. The winner in this contest will be eligible for the intercollegiate contest on the same subject, to be held in May at Cincinnati, where the prize is much larger. The Misses Seabury, who are among the most devoted and active of the friends of peace, have offered similar prizes to the students of a number of other institutions.

. . . It is a great pleasure to all of us to know that the George Burnham, Jr., so often referred to in the legal proceedings in connection with the insurance scandals in New York is "an entirely different person" from George Burnham, Jr., of Philadelphia, treasurer of the National Municipal League. The latter is still building locomotives at the Baldwin Locomotive Works and contributing his full share of the power that is making the world steadily better. He is an honored member and supporter of the American Peace Society.

. . . An interesting debate took place on the afternoon of February 24, in the Y. M. C. A. hall at Columbus, Ohio, on the question: "*Resolved*, that the nations of the earth ought to depend upon arbitration rather than large armies and navies for the settlement of their international difficulties." The speakers were W. A. Mahoney, chairman of the arbitration committee of the Columbus board of trade, and Captain Raymond Metcalf, army surgeon at the Columbus barracks. Several army officers and many men prominent in the commercial and industrial life of the city were present. Mr. Mahoney made a strong and elaborate plea for arbitration in all international controversies. Mr. Metcalf believed in arbitration up to a certain point, but held that "questions of honor and justice" can be settled only by war, and that "the only way to have peace is to have an army and navy large enough to maintain peace."

. . . The National German Peace Society, of which Dr. Adolf Richter of Pforzheim is the able and devoted president, has now eighty-seven local branches in different parts of the empire.

. . . While Mr. de Martens, the Russian special envoy to the capitals of Europe to arrange the preliminaries of the Hague Conference, was at The Hague, the American Minister, David J. Hill, gave a dinner in his honor. Mr. de Martens had interviews with the American ambassadors and ministers in the other capitals which he visited.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

[Apropos of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, which occurred on the 27th of February, and was widely observed in New England and elsewhere, we can pay our tribute of honor to him in no better way than by reprinting his poem, — one of the very best he ever wrote, one of the very best ever written by any American, — "The Arsenal at Springfield." Sumner once said that the greatest service which the Springfield arsenal had rendered was that it had given Longfellow the opportunity to write this wonderful poem, a poem which will be read and admired, we feel sure, when arsenals are a thing of the past. — Ed.]

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who, from his palace,
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.